

"PREPARE FOR A RAINY DAY." DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' Umbrellas are all made on FOX'S Celebrated ELASTIC FRAMES. They are unequalled for Quality, Durability, and Price.—7, Swan St., New Cross, Manchester.

W. BATTY & SON,

Watch and Clock Makers, Goldsmiths and Silversmiths.

SPECIALITIES IN GEM BETROTHAL RINGS.

9, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE EXCHANGE.

ESTABLISHED
116 YEARS.

KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.

CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.

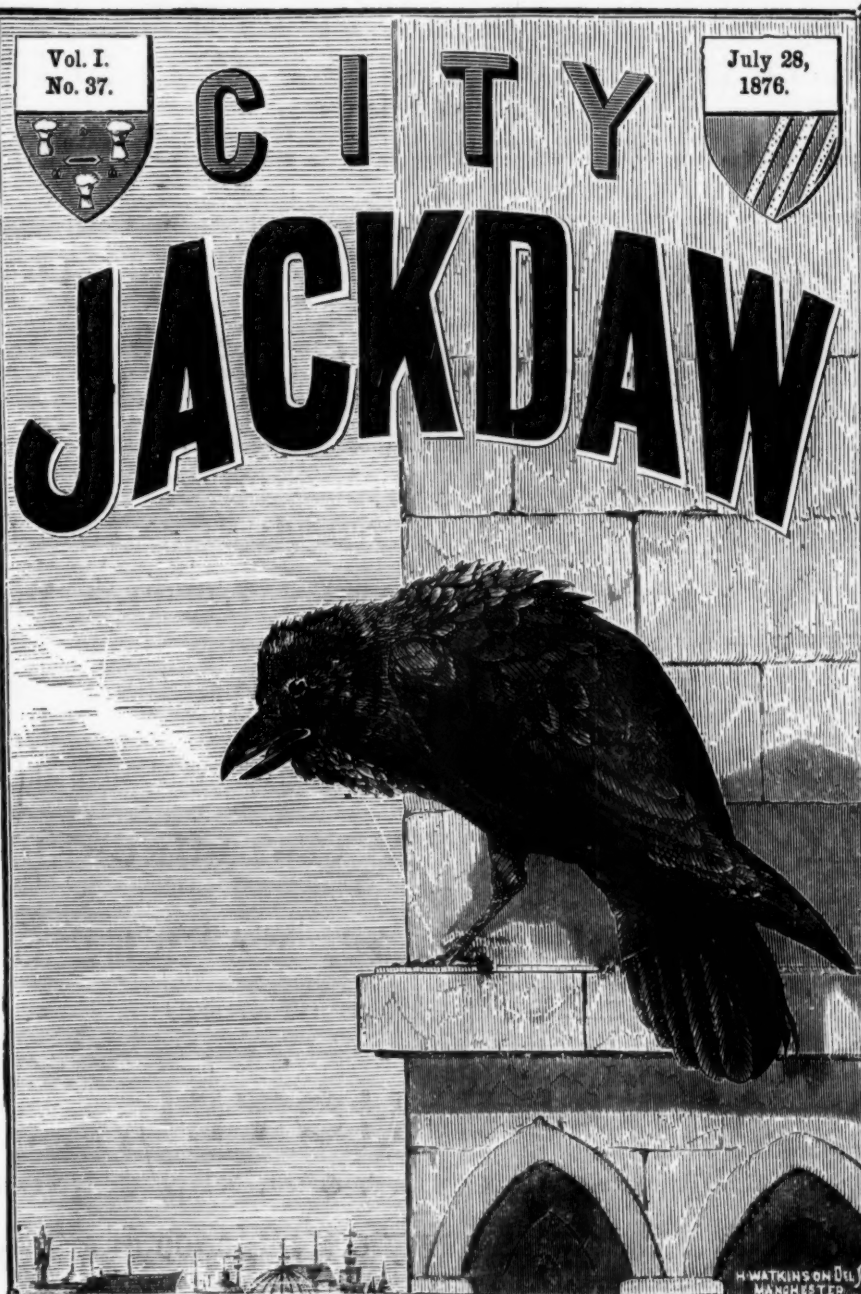
Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

70
DEANSGATE.

"TURKISH TOBACCO," Delicious Flavour and Aroma, 18s. and 21s. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.

"RIO SELLA," Eight for Half-a-Crown.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.

"PICKED LEAF BIRD'S EYE," 5d. per oz., 6s. 6d. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.



THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL
HORSE, HOUND, AND FOX-TERRIER SHOW.
£1600 IN PRIZES.

MANCHESTER RACECOURSE, AUGUST 4th, 5th, 7th, and 8th, 1876.

Stallions, £150; Hacks and Roadsters, £105; Ponies, £150; Jumping, £200; Hunters, £250; Harness Horses, £150; Trotting, £100; Racing, Tilting, and Walking, £200; Bouds, Harriers, and Fox-Terriers, £200.—N.B. Harness, Saddle, and Draught Horses and Ponies may be entered in the Sale Classes, either for Public Auction or Private Sale.
M. H. CHADWICK, Secretary, 4, St. Mary's Street, Manchester.

"TURKISH TOBACCO," Delicious Flavour and Aroma, 18s. and 21s. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.
"RIO SELLA," Eight for Half-a-Crown. LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.
"PICKED LEAF BIRD'S EYE," 5d. per oz., 6s. 6d. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.

WILSON STREET CARRIAGE WORKS, STOCKPORT ROAD, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

JOSEPH SHAW,

Late FOREMAN to MESSRS. COCKSHOOT & Co., begs most respectfully to inform the public that he has taken the above Works, and intends to carry on the business of

CARRIAGE BUILDER

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Having been upwards of twenty years with MESSRS. COCKSHOOT & Co., most of which time he has had the Management of the Carriage Department, he feels confident that any orders entrusted to his care will give that satisfaction which will secure continued patronage.

ESTIMATES FOR REPAIRS, &c., GIVEN.

CITY MOURNING ESTABLISHMENT, 43, OLDHAM STREET.

NEW STYLES IN COSTUMES IN GREAT VARIETY.

MILLINERY UNEQUALLED OUT OF LONDON.

BLACK SILKS UNDOUBTEDLY UNPRECEDENTED IN PRICE.

JAMES LITTLE, Proprietor.

MRS. SAILES,

Late of the Shades and Stock Exchange Restaurants, begs to inform her Friends and Customers that she will

SHORTLY OPEN A RESTAURANT & LUNCHEON BAR

AT

LEICESTER CHAMBERS, 72, MARKET STREET,

CORNER OF BARNES STREET.

ARCADE HOTEL,

65, MARKET STREET, 2, SWAN COURT, & 24, NEW CANNON STREET.

Now Open to the Public with every convenience of a Day Hotel.

DINNERS FROM 12 TILL 3.

Cold Meats, Chops, Steaks, &c., at any hour. Wines, Spirits, Ales, Stouts, Cigars, &c., of the Best Quality.

N.B.—A large and commodious SMOKE ROOM, fitted up with every convenience.

VERSEY AND IRWELL FOURTH ANNUAL REGATTA

Will be held on **AUGUST 7 (Bank Holiday),**
AT WARBURTON, NEAR MANCHESTER.

PRESENTATION PRIZES.

	Guineas.		Guineas.
MANCHESTER CUP, for Senior Fours	45	JUNIOR PAIRS	15
PRIZE, for Junior Fours	25	SENIOR SCULLS	40
WARBURTON PRIZE, for Maiden Fours, in Clinker-built Boats	20	JUNIOR SCULLS	10
SENIOR PAIRS	20	SCRATCH EIGHTS.	

Information can be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries, 39, Market Street, Manchester.

"THE GREAT CENTENNIAL." **AMERICAN DRINKS.**

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. G. HERON,

FROM THE "CRITERION," LONDON.

BUSH HOTEL, DEANSGATE.

T. STENSBY,
GUN & PISTOL MAKER,
11, HANGING DITCH.
ESTABLISHED 1810.

BEETLES, BEETLES, BEETLES, AND CRICKETS.
HARDEMAN'S
Dehydrated London Beetle Powder
 (REGISTERED),
 Recommended to Clear Houses of the above in two or three nights.
 SOLE MANUFACTURER:
 Hardeaman, Chemist, 43, Bury New Road,
 MANCHESTER.
 Packets, 3d., 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

HATS. HATS. HATS.
 FOR STYLE AND ECONOMY,
GO TO WHILES'S,
243, ROCHDALE ROAD.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT
Mutual Assurance Company Limited.
 THE ONLY MUTUAL ACCIDENT COMPANY.

Reserve Fund and Guarantee, £14,700.

£1000

If Killed, with liberal allowances if injured, for a
 SINGLE PAYMENT of £3 COVERING the WHOLE
 LIFE. Smaller amounts in proportion.

42, POULTRY, LONDON,
 W. BURR, F.S.S., Managing Director.
 Agent: H. SUTCLIFFE, 6, Brown Street.

BILLIARDS.

JOHN O'BRIEN,
 The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Man-
 chester, respectfully invites INSPECTION OF HIS
 STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the
 largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under
 his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IM-
 PROVED FAST CUSHION, that will never become hard.
Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King St.

MESSRS. BRUCE, Next of Kin and
 Foreign Law Agency Offices.
 6, WELLINGTON ST, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
UNCLAIMED PROPERTY: It is not generally known but
 there are many millions sterling lying unclaimed both in
 Great Britain, America, India, and the British Colonies, left
 by persons dying either abroad, intestate, or without any
 known direct legal issue. Wills and all matters of record
 searched for and official copies obtained, also registers of
 births, marriages, and deaths; pedigrees compiled and all
 requisite evidence for substantiating the same procured;
 foreign law agency business, such as procuring copies of legal
 documents and making investigations respecting missing
 relatives in a parts of the world undertaken; procure our
 Index of Names post free, 18 stamps.
 NOTE.—Messrs. B. may be consulted daily upon all matters
 requiring confidence combined with experience. Private ar-
 rangements with creditors effected, avoiding bankruptcy,
 publicity, or suspension of business. Consultations free.

GUINEA GOLD WEDDING RINGS.

C. HUGHES,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,
79, OLDHAM STREET,
MANCHESTER.

LXXXV., Market Street.—KENNETH'S Wedding and Birthday Presents, Complimentary Gifts, Prizes. The Finest Selection in Manchester.

CALEDONIAN ASSOCIATION.
GRAND SCOTTISH FESTIVAL
TO BE HELD AT
MANLEY PARK, TO-MORROW, Saturday, 29th JULY.

Competitions in Highland Dancing, Scottish Athletics, &c. Dinnie, the Flemings, Mc.Hardy, Mc.Arthur, and other distinguished Scottish Athletes. McNeill, Mc.Phee, Mc.Kinnon, Farquharson, Moram, McCormack, Brand, Menzies, and Twelve other celebrated Highland Dancers will take part in the contests.

The Splendid **BAND OF THE 3rd CHESHIRE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS**, and a **BAND OF PIPERS** from the 78th, 79th, and 93rd **HIGHLANDERS**, will perform a Selection of National Music.

TICKETS to admit to the Gardens and Sports, 1s.; Family Tickets to admit Six (if purchased by 28th July), 5s.; Grand Stand, 2s.; Reserved Enclosure, 1s.; and Carriages 10s. extra; to be had at the Music Sellers; R. Johnson, 104, Market Street; the Manley Hall Offices, 105, Piccadilly, and 102, Market Street.

ASHWORTH & PENFOLD,
GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHERS,
HOUSEHOLD LINEN AND BLANKET WAREHOUSE.

Sole Manufacturers of the Patent Diamond Spring Mattress and the Universal Spring-seated Invalid Couch.

20, CANNON STREET, AND 39, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

LA SOCIEDAD ANDALUZA DE ALMACENISTAS
(ANDALUCIAN WINE REARERS' ASSOCIATION)
FOR BREVITY,
LA ANDALUZA,
CALLE VICTORIA PUERTO DE SANTA MARIA, ANDALUCIA.

THIS Association was formed in March, 1867, with the object of making money, by bringing the English consumer into direct communication with the Spanish producer of sherries, both natural and as usually drunk in England; and by introducing into England those light natural red and white wines of the country (*Vinos del Pais*), up to that time only known to Englishmen who had travelled in Spain. The plan of the Association has been eminently successful as proved by its host of imitations. The Association wish to make it as widely known as possible that they have now opened a branch in Manchester at **13, HALF MOON STREET**, opposite the Royal Exchange, where all the Spanish wines (forty-five different qualities) shipped by them can be purchased by the *cañita* (Spanish tumbler) without any feeling of commitment on the part of the purchaser and giving any further orders unless thoroughly disposed so to do.

VINOS DEL PAIS, White and Red, Three Halfpence per Canita, Sixpence per Imperial Pint.

Flasks, jars, and seven gallon drums supplied, and allowed for in full when returned. **Terms, cash on giving order.** For descriptive price book and shipping quotations, address personally or by letter,

THE MANAGER,
LA ANDALUZA,
13, HALF MOON STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. I.—No. 37.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THEATRICAL FAVOURITES.

MR. J. G. TAYLOR.

Ys the versatile stage manager of the Prince's Theatre—who, as principal performer in Sullivan's operetta, "Box and Cox," promises to astonish his friends and patrons, as he has surprised hundreds of friendly audiences before, by his intimate acquaintance with all the tricks and dodges of Bohemian life, and a preternatural faculty for drawing the long bow—few admirers will recognise the perfect development of a bud which was once the hope of the Mother Church of the theatre. Yet it is a fact that Mr. J. G. Taylor, who was born in Manchester in 1836, graduated in the Cathedral choir, dressed in a white surplice, and received the musical training which now stands him in such good stead at the hands of a very reputable and orthodox precentor, who has since received the promotion he merited. But for a youth of his musical and eccentric humour, the daily chanting of psalms and recital of hymns was not the peculiar vocation; and we are not surprised to find that in his twentieth year he forsook cassock and surplice, to don frock and buskin. We daresay he is not much missed as a chorister, and the stage has gained a clever and versatile comedian of peculiar and original humour—whose established and increasing popularity in his own town is a matter of pride alike to himself and to Manchester playgoers. Mr. Taylor is essentially a low comedian, but his style is as different as possible from that of the boisterous clown who tumbles through a side-splitting farce, carrying all before him for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour by exuberant spirits and extravagant horse-play, pulling upon the over-satiated taste long before the last piece of scenery is broken or the last article of furniture smashed, and the curtain drops on perennial happiness springing like a phoenix from the ruins of a universal ruin. He is the quietest, calmest, and most unobtrusive of comedians; and though buoyant enough on occasion, and at times displaying a reserved force which in one of his *physique* is somewhat surprising, he generally wins his way by gentle methods, which are often in them a peculiar and almost pedantic quaintness. His manner is of a dry and racy type, and is often subjective—if we may use the word in the sense that he is often the victim of the jokes which he contrives against himself. In *Admiral Sneak*, for example, he receives kicks and buffets to an extent which to most actors would render the part intolerable, and he endures them with an assumption of patient and long-suffering meekness remarkable in any man, but in a stage manager perfectly surprising. It is characteristic of his modest estimate of himself, or perhaps a knowledge tempered with judgment of his own peculiar vein and strength, that the parts he takes are generally small ones. Nevertheless, however insignificant, they are always distinctly and individually marked, and are played out with an artistic completeness that makes them stand out prominent, without being intrusive, in whatever grouping or situation they may appear. Mr. Taylor is always distinguished by the excellence of his make-up, which is carefully studied with the minutest care; and this attention to every detail is alike distinctive of his playing and of his stage management. As a performer in comic opera he has won high standing, without ever stooping to any vulgarity; and in this department, by the consummate ease and finish of his acting, he stands in the favour of audiences more than many vocalists who could sing his head off. We are afraid we must add that Mr. Taylor is inveterately addicted to "gagging"—a sin

which in his case is redeemed by a peculiar vein of extravagance, and occasional gleams of real wit.

For some time before finally taking his professional plunge, Mr. Taylor had been associated with a society of amateurs, some of whom, especially Mr. Cavanah, are still well known in private theatricals, and occasionally make appearances for benefit performances on the pretty and well-fitted stage at the Athenæum. Mr. Taylor's first engagement was by Mrs. Pollock, then managing the Aberdeen circuit. He afterwards joined the Bradford circuit, under John Mosley; and during this engagement played several times in minor parts in the same *cast* with the younger Kean. He next joined the Sunderland circuit, with Roxby. During these years of preparation he was gradually winning his way forward, until in 1860 we find him established at Sheffield, under the management of Mr. Charles Pitt, in high public favour as a low comedian. In melodrama he was usually cast as the comic villain, and was especially successful as *Squeers* in "Nicholas Nickleby," and *Corrigan*, the informer, in the "Colleen Bawn." Among the minor parts he filled was that of *Osric* in "Hamlet," a part rarely calling for notice in newspaper criticisms, but singled out by the *Sheffield Advertiser* on this occasion as "the best *Osric* we ever saw." After a year's successful engagement at Sheffield he went to Cardiff, and there played for the first time *Robin Wildbriar* in "Extremes, or Men of the Day." He toned down the excesses of this character with his customary good taste. Here he had another opportunity of appearing in "Hamlet," this time as the *First Grave-digger*, and in this part he seems to have developed that quaint, pedantic intellectualism which has since become so peculiar in his style. After engagements at Swansea and Portsmouth he returned in the spring of 1862 to Sheffield, and after a short renewal of acquaintance with his friends there went on an Irish tour. He commenced his career of stage manager at Kilkenny, and in that capacity, with that love of work which is his characteristic, he seems to have constituted himself general utility man, and at the same time to have employed that musical talent which he first acquired in Manchester. On one night he drove the Irish *gamins* into hysterics with his quaint singing of such comic travesties as "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene," or "Reuben Wright and Phoebe Brown;" and on the next he essayed *Mercutio* in "Romeo and Juliet." Some of the criticisms passed upon him in these days of his novitiate by his ecstatic admirers on the Irish press read drôlly enough. Take this for example, from the *Tipperary Express*, regarding an appearance at the Clonmel Theatre: "Of all things we love a good song. Mr. Taylor's strains are still twinkling (*sic*) in our ears. His inimitable and saltatory movements are still before our eyes, and we fancy that we again, forgetful of our dignity (!), are clapping our hands till they get hot and red, and shouting encore till we are hoarse, as he concludes one of his ludicrous songs." Mr. Taylor was wafted by the plaudits of these generous and enthusiastic Irishmen to the cold and critical atmosphere of Scotland, whose impassive audiences, it is said, extorted tears of vexation even from the Siddons. The young comedian, however, passed through the chilling ordeal triumphantly, and speedily became a favourite on the Greenock boards. Here he made a particular hit in Irish character, and by his comic songs. After a successful tour in Scotland he returned to English circuits, and appears to have been rather unfortunate in some of his connections. At Lincoln, the company of which he was a member had a disastrous season. On the closing night the manager, Mr. Clarke, made an extraordinary speech to the house. He complained that his prospects in the town had been ruined by the bad reputation of "a

WILLIAM HAY, Tailor, Breeches, and Habit Maker, 46, Cross Street, Manchester (Practical Partner of the late firm of TESTER & HAY, successors to G. GARNER). W. H. caters for pure Gentlemanly Taste in Make and Material. Such Suits in Real Scotch and Saxony Tweeds, from 65s.

penniless manager" who had preceded him, who, he added, "had left his company to be taken out of the town by public charity," and some of whose effects, he added, dramatically "are at the present time lying under that stage awaiting redemption." "To give you an idea of the paucity of patronage bestowed upon us some nights, I may state that we have played 'Hamlet' to a £2 house, a circumstance unparalleled in the annals of the drama; 'Romeo and Juliet' we have played to a house of £2. 5s. 6d.; the piece written by myself, 'The Foundlings of Stamford,' was played two nights to a sum that, had I anticipated such an amount as the result of its representation, I would have immediately extinguished the desire that prompted me to write it," etc. To those who hold that it is Shakspeare only who spells ruin, it may be interesting to know, on the authority of this unfortunate manager, that "the comic pantomime was so poorly patronised that the receipts were scarcely sufficient to pay the carriage of the goods from Windsor." While we are noticing the speeches of managers, we may be permitted to quote the following, which our comedian quotes with great gusto as having been delivered in his presence by Mr. Charles Pitt, the lessee of the Sheffield Theatre: "Ladies and gentlemen, enfeebled by a long and debilitating illness, that threw the meshes of enervation around my usually Herculean frame, I yet arrive, at the call of managerial duty, to pour forth in feeble yet earnest language my deep and powerful feelings. In those regions and altitudes far above the ordinary reach of human grasp, where hundreds of my fellow-townsmen sit—admitted at the low charge of threepence each—I observe several curiously-formed machines, in full operation, pouring forth dense masses of smoke from the fragrant weed called tobacco—a wondrous herb, first brought from the regions of the West, where the sun never sets on the wide expanding prairie, by the brave and gallant Sir Walter Raleigh. *It cannot, however, be allowed; we must not break the law, and every one must consume his own smoke.* I therefore entreat you—away with pipes—*et homo gammona tobacco.*" Speeches seem to have been in favour at this theatre; and we find Mr. Taylor himself, on the same evening, making a nonsense speech in introducing a comic song which he had written.

Mr. Taylor made his *debut* in London in 1864, when he appeared at the Olympic with Miss Nelly Farren, in a piece written for him, entitled "My Wife's Bonnet." The piece was moderately successful, but Mr. Taylor did not seem all at once to win the favour of the London critics. His excellence did not attract notice until the following autumn, when he was discovered by "Amateur" of the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, having searched London through for some diversion new or amusing, found the object of his quest in Brough's burlesque of "Ernani," which was then being played at Highbury Barn. An "Amateur's" criticism, which filled nearly a page of the paper "written by gentlemen for gentlemen," was very appreciative, and his remarks respecting Mr. Taylor's style are still so true and applicable that we can do no better than quote them. "But the best of the performance is the acting of a Mr. Taylor, who appeared at the Olympic in the winter, but failed to make a favourable impression. He plays *Don Silva*, an old Spanish Grandee, with an imperturbable solemnity which is admirable. Never descending to buffoonery, he acts as if he were very much in earnest, thereby giving double point to the good things he has to say, and he looks like an old Spanish portrait taken from the frame. This theory of burlesque acting, taking the whole *au grand serieux*, is out of date, but it is wonderfully effective nevertheless. This same actor, in a little farce which preceded the burlesque, played the part of a tipsy scamp with a variety and reality that I have rarely seen equalled; and I am sure that he has only to appear in suitable characters to become a great favourite in the West. His authors gave him no chance at the Olympic." The prediction of this genial and appreciative critic was fulfilled. After continuing two years on the boards of the Alexandra, he was engaged for four years by Webster for the Adelphi, and there became a popular favourite. After one season at Covent Garden, he joined the Gaiety, of which he continued a leading member for five

years—steadily winning his way forward. During this time he was engaged chiefly in burlesque parts. When burlesque and extravaganza, which depended upon wit and humour, had had their day, and were succeeded by comic opera depending more upon singing and ballet, he maintained his place, and preserved also some of the old attic salt of the days of Planché and Brough. During his engagement at the Gaiety, Mr. Taylor made several provincial tours, and in one of them, while playing in his native town, attracted the attention of Mr. Browne, who engaged him for the responsible position he now holds at the Prince's Theatre. How well Mr. Taylor has succeeded in a difficult task our readers know. Following, as he did, an actor and stage manager like Mr. Charles Calvert, he was naturally subjected to severe comparisons, and however much the palmy days of Shakspearean revival may be regretted, it must be admitted that the young stage manager has impressed his individuality upon the Prince's programme as distinctly as did his predecessor.

REFORMATION.

IN early years I knew a youth
Who now is in the skies—
At least, if tombstones tell the truth—
This youth was prone to lies;
For when he was but young and slim,
The father that begat him
He used to vex, by mocking him,
And making faces at him.

He vexed his aged mother's heart
By his unholy ways;
He made her eyes with tears to smart,
Till grief curtailed her days.
He didn't cry when she was dead,
He said it didn't matter;
"I wish I'd hit her when," he said,
"I threw that jam-pot at her."

Such reminiscences as these
Afforded him delight;
His aunt he used to pelt with peas,
Until she died of fright.
She left him twenty thousand pounds,
He was not sorry for her;
He would upon the slightest grounds
Have done the same to-morrow.

And now the miscreant of whom
I write is dead and cold,
And on a stone above his tomb
His virtues rare are told.
He was a worthy citizen,
A credit to the nation;
He was a rascal once, but then
There's nought like Reformation.

BOILING THE BISHOP.

SCENE I.—Laboratory at Owens College. Time, Friday midnight. Lights lowered. Skeletons. Knives. Poisons. Enter Professor GAMGEE, Assistant Demonstrator, and Class.

Junior Student [striking a theatrical attitude]. We are proscribed; the voice of Manchester has spoken and condemned us.

Professor Gamgee. And not unheard!

Assistant Demonstrator. Ay, there's the rub! They listened to your defence, and then convicted you.

Senior Student [recently from Leipsic]. Come now, it's not so bad as you think. Mr. Howorth, Dicky Smith, and a working-man out of work, spoke up for us.

Professor Gamgee. Oh, Howorth's the Devil's advocate! He always takes up the opposition cause at town's meetings, and always loses; he has blackened himself by white-washing the slave-stealer, and he's no good to us. And as for Smith, he can't keep his temper. Why, he had his umbrella broken at last town's meeting but one for gently tapping the handle over another man's skull.

Junior Student. But, after all, they only wish to license us the same as the pigeon-shooters.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

Senior Student. And the publicans.

Junior Student. As soon as we are licensed we shall acquire vested rights.

Senior Student. Yes; and the ladies will come to our demonstrations to patronise us, and enjoy themselves the same as at Hurlingham. Why, skinning a live cat is not worse than the hobbling of a crippled dove.

Professor Gamgee [moodily]. We shall have re-r-evenge.

Assistant Demonstrator. Yes; what shall it be? Let it be a deed of transcendent horror.

Omnes. So let it be!

Professor Gamgee [reflectively]. There is one experiment mentioned by his lordship which I should like to try, alike in the interests of science and theology, but who's to find a subject?

Junior Student. Let us roast Alderman M'Kerrow! [Cheers.]

Professor Gamgee [with resolution]. Nay, gentlemen, let us have a victim worthy of our steel. What do you say to BOILING THE BISHOP? But how shall we proceed? I am afraid there is nothing in the Handbook on the subject.

Assistant Demonstrator. Oh, yes. "First catch your Bishop" —

Junior Student. Oh, that's easily done. He is now attending a midnight *seance* with Principal Greenwood, endeavouring to extract a Greek Root. We can kidnap him as he crosses the Quadrangle! [Cries of "Agreed!"]

The lights are put out, and the Livers file out slowly, assuming masks.

SCENE II.—The same. Cauldron in centre; lime lights. Enter a Porter, staggering under a heavy burden in a sack, followed by Professor GAMGEE, Assistant Demonstrator [looking physiologically], Students, etc. The burden is put down—kicking violently—upon the Demonstrator's table, and Porter retires.

Professor Gamgee [soliloquising]. Now, were I not sustained by a sense of my vows, I could not proceed with this dreadful task —

Victim [struggling in sack]. Oh, I'm in the hands of the Pothouse Protestants! For Heaven's sake, let me out! I shall prosecute Knox Little, harry Father Marshall, slate the Dean, and nail Canon Woodard—if you will only let me out.

Sack opened, and Bishop of MANCHESTER revealed.

Bishop of Manchester. Oh, where am I? Not Teare, nor French, nor Rudolph! Ah, Gamgee, how d'ye do? That was a capital speech you made this morning—completely took the wind out of my sails. [Gamgee turns away.] Come, now, you'll stand my friend here, won't you? Where have you brought me, and who are your friends? Surely this is not a vivisection chamber —

Chorus of Students. It is!

The Bishop [gaily]. Upon my word! Well, I don't mind seeing a few experiments as I am here, though I must say your mode of introducing me was singular. Indeed, in a sense, I am one of you, as a victim, for I have been vivisected myself until, like an eel that has been nine times skinned, I almost begin to enjoy the process. Have I not been pecked at by the Jackdaw, and flayed by the Examiner? The *Courier* people keep me constantly in hot water, but it does not hurt me so much as you might suppose.

Assistant Demonstrator. Oh, it will not hurt you at all. [Withdrawing a thermometer from the cauldron.] The water is ten degrees above boiling point, and before you have time to pronounce the benediction you will be —

Bishop. You don't mean to say that you are going to experiment on me? It may not be painful, but I most decidedly object —

Assistant Demonstrator. So you said at the town's meeting, but we cannot entertain your objections. We are in a majority here. If we listened to all the objections of all our victims, we should never get to a beginning. However, you shall have your choice in one respect. If you prefer the Eastward position —

The Bishop. Bother the Eastward position! What does that matter now? I protest —

Assistant Demonstrator. Protest or believe, Roman Catholic or Dissenter, it's all the same to us. Come on, my lord, undo the buttons of your —

The Bishop. But I have a volume of sermons in my pocket, which I was reading to Greenwood before he went to sleep —

Junior Student. Oh, that will bear boiling down.

The Bishop. But my next triennial charge?

Assistant Demonstrator. Oh, cut it short. The kettle is boiling. [Noise without.] Come, strip.

The Bishop. Well, let me begin with my gaiters. [Noise renewed.]

Professor Gamgee. Extinguish the lights. Quick; I hear Greenwood screaming.

The lights are extinguished. Door is suddenly broken open. Enter, with lanterns, Principal GREENWOOD, Chancellor CHRISTIE, the Dean, Canon WOODARD, etc. Exit Professor, Demonstrator, and Students, by the back window.

The Bishop [fainting in the arms of the Principal]. Thanks, kind friends. You are just in time.

The Dean. Thanks, indeed, to your faithful Jackdaw, which warned us in time.

Bishop. Ah, the brute! He might have been quicker about it.

The Jackdaw [hopping in through the back window]. There's gratitude. But let us off to supper; it's getting late; but there is always cold tripe and hot potatoes in Market Street. Exit Omnes.

SCENE III.—Bedchamber at Bishop's Court; Monday morning.

Bishop [awakes yawning]. Bless my soul, nine o'clock! How one does sleep after preaching a sermon at the Cathedral. Wonder if my congregations sleep as soundly. For one thing, the reporters don't. Let me see the morning papers. Here they are, under my pillow. What, not a word of my sermon last night, and a column to Woodard? They have actually boiled me down to nothing. What's this I see? "Humiliation of the Church." "Dissenters the Gates of Hell." "Don't care five pounds for our principles." "The Church in Chains." Can the editor of the *American News* have got into the pulpit by mistake? Let me see the *Guardian*; that's always safe, if harmless. There's no doubt of it. Woodard himself! Won't there be a jolly row. We are in constant hot — [Ringing.]

James [at door]. Yes, sir.

Bishop. Hot water. What a dream I had last night.

Curtain drops.

LEGISLATIVE WISDOM AT ASHTON.

THE Mayor and magistrates of Ashton hold singularly literal and blunt ideas on the subject of the rights of property. A compositor in a newspaper office was on Monday brought before them on the charge of abstracting a manuscript which his employers had entrusted him with to set in type, and making an improper use of it. The Mayor and the magistrates came to the very matter-of-fact conclusion that the document in question was only worth one penny, and that therefore the accused could have had no felonious intent in taking it away. The charge was therefore dismissed. Calculating the price of materials, such as paper, ink, etc., the article in question was not properly worth the copper at which its value was assessed; and it is clear that, as the possessor could not turn it into money, he could not have had any bad intentions. He was therefore very properly discharged by his matter-of-fact judges. Such, however, is the perversity of the human intellect that the prosecutor, who is the proprietor of the newspaper, did actually set a much higher value on this piece of paper, and ridiculously insisted on carrying the matter into the abstract regions of fraud and breach of trust. He even hinted, through counsel, that the value of an abstracted article should not so much be reckoned by the advantage gained by the abstractor, as by the loss inflicted on the owner. It was also urged by this absurd man that if all compositors on newspapers were to be allowed to take away manuscripts as soon as they had put them in type, on the plea that they were scarce worth so many pennies, newspaper work would be carried on under serious difficulties. These far-fetched and lame arguments did not, however, serve to mystify the sagacious Mayor and magistrates of Ashton, who stuck in a commendable manner to the idea that a manuscript, being only worth a penny or less, is not an article which can ever come under the category of stolen goods. The prosecutor, persisting in his perverted ways, threatens to get a *mandamus* to compel the magistrates to commit the accused. So are wisdom and good sense ever persecuted in this world by bigotry and folly.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

JACKDAW



AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL.—MADEMOISELLE BEATRICE.
Next Week, OPERA BOUFFE.

PRINCE'S THEATRE.—TONIGHT, Mr. J. G. TAYLOR'S
BENEFIT. COMIC OPERAS, etc.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—"BANSHEE." Next Week, "TRUE AS
STEEL." Mr. E. K. CALLENDER AND COMPANY.

SCOTTISH HIGHLAND GAMES AND DANCES.
DONALD DINNIE, the FLEMINGS, etc., at Manley Park, To-Morrow, Saturday.
Admission to Gardens and Sports, 1s.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.—Open for the Season.
Attraction of the Season, Messrs. Danson and Sons' Magnificent Daylight Picture of the IMPERIAL CITY OF CALCUTTA, capital of the British Empire in India. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at dusk, during the season, will be represented the grand spectacle of the Reception of the PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA, concluding with a brilliant Display of Fireworks. The Military Band of the Gardens in attendance every day from two p.m. The great collection of living animals and birds always on view. Pleasure boats and steamers ply on the great lakes, which are upwards of eight acres in extent. Conservatories, Ferneries, Museum, Mazes, Steam Horses, Velocipedes, etc. Admission, 6d. each; Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 1s. each after four p.m.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.—SIXTEENTH ANNUAL
SWIMMING GALA, Monday, July 31st, 1876, commencing at Four p.m.
Half-mile Race, twice round the large lake. Aquatic Steeplechase, once round the large lake, under floating platforms, and over poles. Professor Poulton's Race for Boys, once round the large lake; distance, quarter mile; will take place immediately after the half-mile race. £50 will be given in prizes. Admission, 6d.; after four p.m., 1s.

COMPSTALL GARDENS AND BOWLING GREEN, MARPLE.
Special Arrangements have been made with the Railway Companies for CHEAP FARES on Wednesdays and Saturdays, as follows:—From Manchester, on Wednesdays, at 2 25 p.m.; on Saturdays, at 1 20 and 2 25 p.m. Returning from Marple at 6 0, 7 0, 8 15, 8 50, and 9 40 for Manchester. Fares to Marple and back, third class, including admission to the Gardens, 1s. 2d. The Compstall Band is engaged for to-morrow, Saturday, July 29, and the Monday and Tuesday following. Ordinary admission, 3d.

PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL, LOWER MOSLEY STREET.
Monday, July 31, and During the Week.
Re-appearance of your old and tried favourite, Professor GRANT, in his great imitations of birds, beasts, and animals.
Engagement of NEWHAM and LATIMER, the celebrated grotesque duettists, dancers, etc. Great success of Mr. and Mrs. MARK JOHNSON and Miss MATTIE MITCHELL, burlesque artists.
Re-engagement of the queen of serio-comic, ballad, and descriptive vocalists, the beautiful and accomplished ROSE HALEN.
Engagement of the clever comic vocalist, Mr. GEORGE VOKES, who will appear in character songs each evening.
Great success of those well-known, funny, and always appreciated negro artists, the Brothers DILLON, in their screaming burlesques, renowned plantation dances, etc.
Engagement of Mr. HIBERNIA, Irish Comedian.
First appearance of Mr. BARRY WILSON, Irish national vocalist

SIGNOR GAVAZZI will give an ADDRESS on the "Present Religious and Political Condition of Italy," in the Presbyterian Church, Seedley Grove, Pendleton, THIS EVENING, at Eight o'clock. Henry Leo, Esq., J.P., will preside.
Signor GAVAZZI will PRUACH in the same place, on Sunday morning, 30th July, at Half-past Ten. A collection will be taken at the close of both meetings in aid of the Free Church of Italy.

NICHOLSON TESTIMONIAL FUND.—Subscriptions in aid of this fund may be transmitted or paid to Mr. Edward Wills, 36, Faulkner St., Manchester.
N. C. UNDERWOOD, Hon. Sec.
Committee Rooms, 10, Temple Chambers, 4, St. James's Square, Manchester.

BEVINS & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CIGAR
MERCHANTS, &c., 67, Market Street, Manchester. Agents for Top Mill Snuffs, Batters, &c. Metropolis Cigar, 5 for 1s. Bevins' Mixture, Cope's Mixture, Hignett's Mixture, Archer's Tobaccos, etc., Wills' Tobaccos. 67, Market Street.

E. JAMIESON & Co., Fashionable Tailors.—Business Suits £1. 12s., Scotch Tweed Suits £2.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Bishop set himself up as an authority on boiling at the vivisection meeting, on the ground that he had had great experience through being so often roasted.

That the Bishop has had great experience in other respects, as nobody living has had so much boiling down—in his speeches—by the reporters.

That Professor Gamgee made a capital point, from a vivisectional point of view, when he cut up the dog-matism of the clergy.

That the howls of the students nearly brought about a catastrophe.

That when Alderman McKerrow condemned all field sports, he excepted badgering in the Salford Town Council, and hunting the slipper at home.

That he suddenly jumped out of bed the morning after the vivisection meeting on remembering that he had set a mouse-trap a week before, and had not looked to see whether a mouse was starving in it.

That the discussion in the *Evening News*, charging all the Greeks with being villains, etc., has raised a frightful amount of Greek fire.

That the marvel is that somebody hasn't made the charge before.

That one of the Grammar School masters intends to let himself out to a neighbouring farmer, as a thrashing-machine, during the vacation.

That during the first act of the "Sultan of Mocha," at the Prince's, the other night, Mr. Aynsley Cook was heard asking one of his brother artistes to come out and Mocha pipe.

That Miss Becker has entered in the Mersey and Irwell Regatta, in the ladies' prize, for junior fours.

That the medical students at Owens College are going in for the junior skulls.

That the hippopotamus from the Upper Nile, at Belle Vue, was heard asking the rhinoceros, the other day, how trade was in the city.

That the rhinoceros shirked the question by saying there was so much money in Manchester that, like the Nile, it was overflowing its banks.

LETTERS OF APOLOGY.

MR. WILLIAM DYSON, the secretary of the Salford Conservative Association, writes to us to say that the reporters who were present at the Salford Conservative picnic at Tatton Park, on Saturday, were so overcome by the heat that they failed to inquire as to why Messrs. Birley, M.P., Hardcastle, M.P., Cawley, M.P., Charley, M.P., and the Hon. A. Egerton, M.P., who for weeks past had been advertised as attractions, did not put in an appearance. We give the letters in full:—

House of Commons, Thursday.

Dear Sir,—I am suffering from a great constitutional complaint, which has troubled me for many years past—namely, drought in the throat; and I am sorry to say I cannot get rid of it. I've been recommended to swallow copious draughts of brandy and soda, lemonade, etc. I am perseveringly following this treatment, and hope before the end of the summer to be restored to perfect health. At present I am unable to be at your picnic.—Yours, etc.,

HUGH BIRLEY.

Prestwich, July 22, 1876.

Dear Sir,—Owing to the heat, and to the expense I have been put to in getting my daughter married, I am unable to go to the cost of a third-class ticket to Knutsford. Can't you get my friend, Lord Egerton, to send his coach over for me?—Yours, etc.,

E. HARDCASTLE.

House of Commons, Friday.

Dear Sir,—I am sick of picnics, still more of Conservatives; both are expensive but necessary evils of our glorious constitution. Remember me to everybody that turns up; say I am ill; say I'm turning an old woman, or anything that is reasonable to explain my absence.—Yours in haste,

C. E. CAWLEY.

Assize Courts, Manchester, Thursday Evening.

Dear Sir,—I get such a frightful wiggling whenever I come down to Manchester assizes, for kissing the girls, that I've determined to give up going to any further picnics. Last week at the bar I had to respond no less than a dozen times to the toast of "the ladies," and what is still

worse the Press persistently ignore my speeches on such occasions, notwithstanding that I take the trouble of writing them myself. Let our Empress and our country still be your motto—but you don't catch the undersigned turning up any more to support it.—Yours faithfully,

W. T. CHARLEY.

Admiralty Office, London, July 20, 1876.

Dear Sir,—Shiver my timbers! How, after the explosion on the Thunderer, can you expect me to be present? Besides, I have got several official corns, which prevent me making myself so cheap as I used to do.—Yours, etc.,

A. EGERTON.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

[BY A BLIGHTED BEING.]

AH, well-a-day! a dreary cloud
Has fallen betwixt my love and me—
It seems but yesterday I vowed
To love for aye, and so did she—
The nightingale, unhappy bird!
Has been the cause of what's occurred.

One summer eve, not long ago,
We wandered where the winds were still,
And watched the golden sunset glow
Fading behind the purple hill,
While close at hand the nightingale
Filled with sad music all the vale.

The sad and silvery melody
Echoed the darkling glades among;
We sat beneath a spreading tree,
And harkened to the wondrous song—
My love had now all pensive grown,
Touched by the notes so sad and lone.

"Oh! tell me why," at length she cried,
"So plaintively the nightingale
Doth wake the echoes, far and wide,
As if it told some mournful tale
Of broken vows and blighted love
Unto the tender stars above."

"I cannot tell the reason why"—
Such was the answer that I made;
But, after musing secretly,
Struck by a sudden thought, I said,
"The cause of all its grief I've guessed—
Perhaps we're sitting on its nest."

Ah, me! though jestingly I spake,
My love she sat all still and mute;
The humble joke she would not take,
And what she said was simply, "Brute!"
No further breath in words she spent,
But got upon her legs and went.

Ah, well-a-day! but yestere'en,
When all the air was mild and mellow,
I marked her, by the coppice green,
Philandering with some other fellow.
Alone I sit and tear my hair,
And versify in grim despair.

A LOCAL FABLE.

ONCE upon a time a Bishop lived in Manchester, who was uncommonly fond of airing his opinions on every conceivable subject. And there arose a great discussion on the question of vivisection. The Bishop had some doubt for the moment as to which side he should take, but he was determined to make some inquiries. So he went with the Dean to the Victoria fish market, and they ordered a score of oysters. The man proceeded to open them. "My good man," said his lordship, "how do you cook lobsters and crabs?" "Bile 'em, yer honour." "But isn't that a cruel death?" "Bless yer reverence, no; they like it." "I shouldn't have thought so," said his lordship, preparing to swallow the oyster. "Nor would I," said the oyster; "I only wish they'd boil me before they open the shell."

MORAL.—The Bishop shortly afterwards made a speech on vivisection, but singularly enough omitted all reference to oysters.

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS IN OUR PUBLIC PARKS.

MOVEMENT is on foot for the introduction of concerts into our public parks, but we are sorry to see that it has been taken up at present with extremely little spirit. Considering that Manchester is such a thoroughly musical city, it is somewhat to be wondered at that men like Alderman Willert and the Town Clerk have not rushed to the front of the movement. One of the best places for a public promenade concert in Manchester is undoubtedly Ardwick Green, and we are surprised that Alderman Murray—whose residence in the neighbourhood has secured for it a public clock, a gigantic lamp, a fire station, and a fire escape—has never thought of the matter before. We draw up a programme gratuitously, and place it at the Alderman's disposal:—

OVERTURE...With Variations on "We'll run 'em in"...THE POLICE BAND.
VIOLIN SOLO....."Poor Old Joe".....Sir JOSEPH HERON.
VARIATIONS ON THE GERMAN CONCERTINA.....Councillor GOLDSCHMIDT.
INSTRUMENTATION....."The Cat's Fugue".....Professor GAMGEE.
SONG.....("Poor old Tray was ever faithful,) OWENS COLLEGE
(by request) (We experimented on him every day") MEDICAL STUDENTS.
VARIATIONS.....Scottish Airs.....Mr. MALCOLM ROSS.
SENTIMENTAL SONG...."My Art's in the Highlands".....Mr. PERCY.
(or in Welsh Wales)
BRASS BAND SELECTIONS....(From Everywhere).....MEMBERS OF THE
BRAZENNOSE CLUB.
LANCASHIRE HAIRS..(On the Barber's Poll)..Mr. CARTER, Poetical Barber.
SONG (by political request)....."I cannot sing the old songs"
Mr. CHARLEY, M.P.

ELIJAH DIXON.

DIED JULY 26, 1876.

WRITE on his tomb, that when
Corruption swayed the lives of Englishmen,
He stood among the few,
Who hoped, and felt, and knew,
And suffered for their knowledge, that a day
Must come when purity should have her sway.

Write on his tomb, that now,
Though still 'neath many a burden base we bow,
His labour beareth fruit;
For many a stout recruit,
By noble impulse and example led,
Reveres and follows the Reformer, dead.

HALF-HOURS WITH MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.—No. V.

[BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

IN FRAGMENTS.

NOW, Claude, you need not alarm the house by knocking like that. Get the nurse out of the cab. What do you say? *She was not at home!* What does the cabman say? *It's after twelve, and he wants a drink?* Do you think this is a time for such trifling? What's to be done? I suppose Mrs. Honeymoon has — I knew how it would be when I saw her staring at the wild beasts. If the poor thing had had a mother her husband would never have taken her there; but it's very provoking. Oh, it's all very well to whistle, but that won't — What do you say, cabman? *You would like to wet yours?* Mr. Henpeck, am I to be insulted in this way? If you had been a man you would have found another nurse before this. *You don't know where to find one?* After all your experience, too. No one, to look at you and hear you groan, would think you were a happy man; but it's nonsense talking here. I daresay the cabman knows of one. I thought so; if you had had any sense you would have asked him. What's that? *Pendleton is four miles away?* No man but you would talk like that. I'm sure Mr. Honeymoon didn't.

All Goods thoroughly shrunk by a new process.—275, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.

He has no mother-in-law? No; and then this is his first, when he has seven I daresay he will be as callous as you are. The public-houses are all shut, that's one good thing. That's the second glass of brandy. You shall not have a drop more, if I have to take the bottle upstairs with me, not a drop. If you were as fond of your child as you are of the bottle you would have been gone long ago.

(Lapse of time.)

So here you are at last. Take those bundles, and pay the cabman. What, fifteen shillings? I never heard of such a — *Where are you to sleep?* Well, you are the only person to think of your own comfort this night. Sleep, indeed! You can lie down on the sofa if you must sleep; and you haven't inquired as much as once how dear Emma is. *You supposed I should have told you?* Of course, you throw all the anxiety upon me.

(Lapse of time.)

Well, Mr. H., that's a nice way to receive the good news, I must say. *Nonsense!* That's a pretty remark for the father of six. *It's seven now?* I declare, you take up every word I say, and if it is seven you ought to be very thankful. *So you are, that it isn't eight?* If that isn't flying in the face of Providence I don't know what is. *Providence has nothing to do with it!* If you are going to talk like a Bulgarian I shall retire. *You want a little peace?* And what peace is there upstairs, I should like to know? Though dear Emma is as well as can be expected, and the boy — *You will see them in the morning!* That's another hint for me to go, I suppose, though it's morning already. Be sure to remember to send an advertisement to to-morrow's papers.

(Lapse of time.)

What's this, Mr. Henpeck? "*At Bantam Villa, the wife of Claude Henpeck, Esq., of a daughter?*" You made a mistake? Don't tell me, sir; I'm certain it was done on purpose, what some of your friends call a joke. *I bothered you so that you were confused?* You say that because you know I cannot leave the house at present. A mistake, indeed! I wonder your own eyes don't convict you; but I won't believe anything so ridiculous. It was intended for an insult, sir, an insult, and I shall leave the —

[She did not leave; but it is a fact that I was actually talked by my wife's mother into this ridiculous error.—C. H.]

HEROISM IN A SMALL WAY.

THE soldier who marches straight on with bullets and cannon shot whistling all around him is probably supported by what Aristotle calls one of the spurious forms of courage. Our Greek being rusty, and the subject somewhat dry, the question may be dismissed as to how much the force of circumstances may help to smother the sense of danger under such circumstances. But what is to be said of Mr. R. Barker, colliery manager at Clifton Junction, four miles from the Exchange? Read the following extract from a report in the *Examiner* and *Times* of Monday last:

"Mr. Barker, knowing that 330 men and boys under his charge were now imprisoned below, felt that there was no alternative but to inform himself thoroughly as to what was necessary to re-open communication with them, whatever personal danger he might encounter in the task. Accordingly he descended the shaft, accompanied by the two men, and reaching the scene of the accident left the kibble, and getting at the back of the guiding ropes crept into the cages, in which he satisfied himself there were no bodies. The work now needed to be done was to remove the obstruction in the shaft, and measures with this object in view were at once adopted."

The facts were that two "cages" had by an accident got blocked in the shaft, thus causing the imprisonment of 300 men for many hours in darkness, peril, hunger, and uncertainty. Uncertainty and anxious yearnings prevailed among the throngs of relatives above. Now, it was quite possible, from what was known or unknown, that one of these

"cages" might contain some men; but it was as likely as not that the obstruction, though stuck fast enough to block the way, would not bear the weight of an exploring foot upon its surface. There was not much of what men call glory to be got by the humane experiment; there was only the risk of being precipitated to the bottom of a dark pit, and smashed. Yet Mr. Barker was lowered down, ventured on to the frail mass of woodwork suspended over the abyss, and having ascertained that no men were there was hauled up again. That is the simple story; it needs no crowning touches. It was a deed of true commonplace heroism of the sort which is taken for granted, and very seldom commented upon.

SUMMER.

[BY A NOVICE.]

SUMMER now her inspiration
Lends unto the bard,
Who is bathed in perspiration;
For he finds it hard,
Even empty though his purse is,
To be always writing verses
By the yard.

Summer is a word suggestive
Both of heat and shade,
Now my muse is getting restive,
She's a sorry jade;
Be it shady, be it sunny,
Her behaviour's always funny,
I'm afraid.

Now she ambles, now she prances,
Now she starts and kicks,
Now she flirts and now she dances
(Now and then she sticks);
But her conduct always grieves me,
And she generally leaves me
In a fix.

Now she's off, I cannot hold her,
Presently she'll tire;
It is useless now to scold her,
'Twere to raise her ire,
For the consequence of that is
That she strikes, and all the fat is
In the fire.

It is better just to let her
Have her little fling,
Pat her on the back and pet her
As she's cantering;
Should I tell her not to canter,
She'd most likely stop *instantan*—
That's the thing.

I had meant the summer's praises
Freely to recite,
But, my muse's precious crazes,
I forgot them quite.
Take the summer flowers and string them,
And another time I'll sing them—
Not to-night.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

STOCKPORT, THURSDAY.

THE public will do well to receive with the greatest caution despatches coming from other correspondents, who draw chiefly on their imaginations. I have had occasion to contradict, by telegraph,* the report coming from a Chowbent source of a decisive battle in the neighbourhood of Zuteskar. The fact is that Leschjannin (which is a man's name) is stationary on the road to Topolnizpa (which is the name of a place), half way on the road to Mikoscitzkasustinakula, which is about as far from the former position as from here to Henton Chapel, so it is evident that no such thing could have taken place. Something important may be expected to occur shortly, but what it will be I cannot tell until it happens. In the meantime, the public will do well not to believe a word they read.

* The telegram has not yet arrived.—Ed.

The Third Annual Great International Exhibition of Horses, Ponies, Hounds, Harriers, and

The belligerents are at present occupied in contriving false reports and stealing poultry. My relations with the seat of war, which are of the most excellent character, keep me well informed in all these matters. A serious difficulty occurred recently, I understand, in the Turkish commissariat department. A detachment marched to a certain village, of which the inhabitants were reported to be very rich in flocks and herds. On their arrival there they found that the only industry of the inhabitants consisted in the breeding of swine, which the Mahomedan soldiery are forbidden by their religion to eat. The Moslems therefore had to go without their supper, which is a touching occurrence, and the inhabitants congratulated themselves mightily. The commander of the forces, however, who happened to be of Irish extraction †—

We have received the following private letter from our correspondent:—

STOCKPORT, WEDNESDAY.

I am still waiting for the remittance. It is all very well to threaten to recall me, but I can't come, the landlord of the hotel is inexorable. Kindly tell my landlady to forward a clean shirt. A. STRAWLESS.

† We must cut our correspondent short at this point.—Ed.

VIVISECTION.

[BY ONE OF THE PUBLIC.]

THIS horrid to think that professional men
Should be going and torturing frogs and things,
I feel, as indignant, I seize the pen,
That such doings disgrace on humanity brings.
The frog is a harmless beast enough,
And so likewise is the dog and the cat;
And even on beetles I wouldn't be rough,
Nor yet on a mouse for the matter of that.
So it seems a terrible thing to me
That these poor things should be cut up alive
By men who, as far as I can see,
No better employment can contrive.
What have they done, I should like to know,
These dogs and frogs and inferior brutes,
That professional men should torture them so,
When trade is slack and occasion suits?
'Tis surely a very bow-bred taste
To explore the guts of a living frog,
And the man must have plenty of time to waste
Who snips the flesh of a living dog.
They must be a wretched cruel lot
Who does these things, is all I can say,
And quite deserve the wiggling they got
From our excellent Bishop the other day.

A TRIP INTO YORKSHIRE.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

LET us go, said the "Hypochondriac" to me last Saturday, for a walk, to which proposal I consented. He proposed Bill's o' Jack's, or Bill o' the Jack's, as it is variously called, whence we could walk across the moors to Holmfirth, a distance in all from Greenfield, where we left the train, of twelve miles. My friend is an enthusiast about this part of Yorkshire, and he is not far wrong, though I found out afterwards that his birthplace was in those regions, of which more anon. The glories of Bill o' the Jack's and the moors are for the most part unknown to Manchester folks, who toil and choke in a great city unaware that there is some of the finest and wildest scenery in the world within fourteen miles of them. Now, why the place is called Bill o' the Jack's I shall not attempt to explain, because the place has a story of its own about a murder, which would occupy all my space. Nor shall I say anything about Pots and Pans, a singular formation of rocks known by here and there a pedestrian or antiquarian. It was very hot as we walked up the winding road by the side of what is really a magnificent ravine, whose scarps and intersecting gorges and varying mountain tints are equal, as I think, for grandeur to any view to be got in Switzerland. We admired

these beauties, and the splendid air gave us a huge appetite. The "Hypochondriac" strayed off the road and plucked a quantity of bilberries, which fruits he devoured in defiance of indigestion. Just where the scenery is most rugged and the air sweetest lies the solitary public-house called Bill o' the Jack's, three miles from Greenfield. It was beginning to be thronged as we arrived by excursionists from Oldham—a race more appreciative of what is good for them than are the Mancunians. Here for a ridiculously small sum of money we got plates of cold meat, cheese, salad, and beer—I should not like to say how many glasses—the total and inclusive charge for both of us being two shillings and fourpence. It was worth while coming so far to get such an insatiable appetite. For my part, though I had eaten enormously, I went away nearly as hungry as I came. After this the "Hypochondriac" found no more bilberries, the grouse seemed to have devoured them all. After leaving the rough but hospitable inn there is a stretch of at least five miles of road without a house on it, and even without a tree. Arrived on a sort of tableland the eye ranges over an expanse of moorland, of which the radius is the limit of vision. There is at least two and a half miles of straight road in sight, and in all the landscape there is no living thing to be seen but an old grouse sitting and whistling mournfully upon a branch of heather. The "Hypochondriac" says much in praise of this sort of scenery. I confess that to me it is rather mournful and monotonous. "How often," says my companion, "have I here communed with Nature, and eaten bilberries—I don't care how soon we come to a public." Discourse of this kind causes time and Yorkshire miles to fly, until the road begins to slip into more civilised regions, through starvation farms struggling with half-reclaimed moorland, and so on to the splendidly cultivated smiling landscape of plain valley and village. About here a perspiring and thirsty tourist asked us how far it was to Bill o' the Jack's? I replied, "About five miles." He said that they had told him that three hours ago, and he calculated to have walked eight miles since. Then he faced the desolate stretch of moor-road as bravely as a man might who was defrauded of his expected beer. The inhabitants of these regions have very imperfect notions of distance, as any traveller may discover. Presently the "Hypochondriac" began to gush exceedingly. "Yonder," said he, pointing to a pretty valley beneath the road, "yonder lies the house of infancy. It was there that when a happy boy I used to go bird-nesting. There is the field where with other youths I disported. We used to fly pigeons in yon pasture. Do you see that pool close to the mill among the trees? It was there that I saved a comrade from drowning—saved his life; his father was the owner of the mill. Do you see yonder clump of firs? It was there that—" "Excuse my interrupting," said I, "but would you mind telling me how you saved that comrade's life?" "Certainly," said he. "I remember it as if it was yesterday. He was older than myself, and could swim a little; I could not swim at all. We were playing on the brink, and he fell in. He kept himself afloat for awhile, but at last sank. I shouted for assistance, but none came. The walls of the mill only answered my cries with their echoes. My comrade rose once more, and again he sank. Once more he came to the surface, appealing to me with those hands which in happier times had punched my head. I could not swim, as I have said—" "Noble youth!" said I, for I was getting interested in the narrative. "Noble youth! You plunged in after him? Well done!" "Well," said the "Hypochondriac," pensively eyeing the spot, "his father, attracted at last by my cries, came and pulled him out; but if it hadn't been for me—" The conclusion of this remarkable tale of heroism brought us to the inn door, where my narrative must break off.

THEATRICAL MEMS.—Mr. G. Osmond Tearle is to produce a new drama, written for him by Mr. R. Dodson, and entitled, "Leonard, a Secret of Twenty Years."—Mr. Lin Rayne has formed a company, which includes Miss Phillis Glover, and will commence a tour with the Clarke-Duterveaux drama, "A Fight for Life," on 28th August.—From the *Glasgow Baille*, we learn that the "Lady of the Lake" was produced in Glasgow this week, Miss Marie Glynn and Mr. William Rignold sustaining the principal characters.—Mr. John Coleman is going to produce "Henry V." at the Queen's Theatre in London, for which both Phelps and Ryder have been engaged.—From the *Figaro*, we see that Mr. E. Edmonds (late of the Queen's, Manchester) will assist Mr. John Coleman, at the Queen's, London, in the production of "Henry V."

Fox-Terriers, will be held at the Manchester Racecourse, August 4th, 5th, 7th, and 8th.

WANTEDS.

SOME one advertised on Tuesday for "a general servant; wages £14; no washing." A friend of the "Old Fogie's" says the place would exactly suit the servant at his lodgings, and that she would be dirt cheap at the price. She hasn't washed herself within the memory of the oldest lodger, and would be delighted to find a place where "no washing" was expected.

If the gentleman who advertises for a "young man to make himself generally useful in a spirit vault" will call at our office, we can put him on the track of just the smartest young gentleman he could have for this situation. He is a thoroughly all-round man. We will guarantee him to drink anything and everything. With this young man in the vault, customers might come and go as they pleased; but a roaring trade would be done.

STREET READING.

[BY A STREET PHILOSOPHER.]

THE other day I saw on a bill, DEFEAT OF THE SERVIANS: GREAT SLAUGHTER: 12,000 KILLED—and I thought to myself this is getting serious; for I knew that there were not very many Servians to begin with, and I had seen that several thousands had been put out of their misery by the bill-man daily since the war began. It occurred to me that there could not be many left now that 12,000 had been disposed of all at once, so on this interesting occasion I purchased a paper. When I came to look over it there were about three columns of latest war news through which I waded, trying to find out the paragraph about the slaughter of the 12,000, but somehow, although there were heaps of figures of all sorts, I couldn't find the exact information I wanted, from which I came to the conclusion that that bill-man must have been very clever to be able thus to give the public the pith of all those telegrams on the bills. But then what is the use of a war in the East if the public taste cannot be satiated with slaughtered Servians or Turks? If it were not for the clamour about vivisection I should begin to think that the British public are getting dreadfully callous. They actually do not care to buy a paper when they read that 12,000 Servians have been killed. Even if they could believe in the lying telegrams, and in the misrepresentations, they would hear with equanimity that twelve million Servians had died. If there were to be another famine in India, they could accept the paragraphs about the starving Hindoos with the same charming complacency which we can all recall; but let there be a paragraph headed SHOCKING CRUELTY to a Dog, they will be up in arms directly, and call a town's meeting, and pass resolutions, even though the pain suffered by that dog may be balanced by the saving of five hundred human lives. By this study of street reading, which I am always recommending, one gets a curious insight in the strangeness of the moral constitution of the public. There is no man in whom virtue may be said to be so essentially innate as in a free and intelligent British citizen. This is evident by the way in which his virtue occasionally breaks out. He is full of good and amiable feelings, which he keeps dark until he sees some chance of getting capital out of them. He likes to let abuses get very ripe before he plucks and exposes them, and there are plenty so slow of ripening that they do not get exposed at all. But when an enlightened citizen does air his virtue, he goes at it hammer and tongs, there is no mistake about it. He drops down suddenly upon things that have been going on under his nose for years, and shows them up in their natural villainy. He is indignant on public platforms, and never rests until the matter is allowed to drop again, or make room for some fresh channel for explosive virtue. This, however, is farther from the mark than it is my usual wont to be. I am sorry to gather from late practice of street reading that the Bishop of Manchester, like the bill-man, is beginning to catch up and trade upon popular prejudices. His lordship's popular and intensely shallow utterances on the subject of

vivisection must have astonished many of those who have formerly regarded Bishop Fraser as the impersonation of independence. No less shallow, nor less pandering to the popular side, were his lordship's recent remarks on the Eastern Question. The Bishop is getting to be quoted abroad in England as a champion, not of his own crotchets, but of the crotchets of the vulgar. To have crotchets of one's own, and fight for them, may be absurd, but may also be reckoned noble. I should not be surprised, if the Bishop does not soon see the wisdom of holding his peace, to find his lordship identified with the promoters of every so-called social grievance. BISHOP FRASER ON THE INJURIOUSNESS OF WASHING POWDERS would read just as well at THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER ON VIVISECTION, and the stockings of the people might wear all the better for such an utterance from such a source.

THE THEATRES.

TRANSLATIONS from the French are not the particular form of drama in which our soul delights. As a rule the work is done badly. Moreover, however competent the translation, the nature of French plays is such that in order to please English audiences the rendering must take the form of an adaptation. The plays which Mademoiselle Beatrice and her company are producing at the Royal may be cited as a case in point. The peculiarity of French dramatic work is the prominence given to ideas and crotchets. There is even a purpose of a certain sort in the writings of many French dramatists. A writer, for instance, moulds a play in order to illustrate the defects in the French marriage law, or to show up some particular vice in Parisian society. It is evident enough that such pieces, however successful at home, must lose all savour when brought across the Channel, unless played in the original language for the benefit of those who want to learn French. In the acting of Mademoiselle Beatrice there lurks the continual suggestion that she would like to be talking French instead of hashing up English, and this feature contrasts somewhat oddly with the Cockney dialogue which sustains the action of the play around her. On the whole, however, the lady's acting is powerful and graceful, and occasionally pathetic. She is well supported by the company, and the pieces are neatly put on the stage.

Light comic music holds its own at the Prince's with considerable perseverance. The first act of the "Sultan of Mocha" has been substituted for the last of "Girofle-Girofla," the balance of gain and loss to the audience being about even. Mr. F. Wood, in the part of *Peter*, sings very well; and, if a minor point is worth mentioning, is the only actor who, as far as we know, has been able in this part to render the nautical phraseology correctly. It used to be ridiculous to hear a sailor talking about a bow line, a square sail, etc. Mr. Taylor takes a benefit to-night, which will doubtless be a great occasion; and Miss Kate Santley is announced for Monday.

"Banshee," at the Queen's, is an unusually vigorous and amusing Irish drama; it seems to have more life in it than many pieces of the kind. It is built on the old lines, and scenes and incidents are continually cropping up which recall "Colleen Bawn," "Eileen Oge," etc. There is the usual villain, the accustomed forged letter, the victim, the oppressor, the virtuous maiden, and the sneaking lawyer. All these parts are competently filled, and virtue is, of course, triumphant at the end, and villainy vanquished. Mr. Levey, who figures prominently on the bill, acts with rollicking self-possession, and succeeds in conveying the idea of a grotesquely energetic Irish peasant. Miss F. M. Clarke, who is making progress, would gain more favour if she were to moderate her voice. With a little practice she might learn to fill the theatre, without making her utterances heard in the street outside. Miss Clara Lyle, too, is good in the character of *Eveleen*, and the manner in which she combats and overcomes the villain upon the house-top brings down the house. We should not succeed in making the plot intelligible, so forbear the attempt.

GARVEY'S CHEAP PERAMBULATORS, BEST BATH CHAIRS, direct from the Maker. PROPELLING BATH CHAIR, for those that cannot walk.—**WILLIAM GARVEY, 2 and 28, Downing Street, Manchester.**

LAW!

THE following advertisement appeared in the Manchester newspapers the other day: "Law.—The Corporation of Salford require in the Town Clerk's Department a Copying and Engrossing Clerk, who must be a good shorthand writer, at a salary of £72 per annum.—Applications," etc. A gentleman who called our attention to this advertisement said he had calculated that when the club had paid the Corporation for his dinners he would have just about as much of his "salary" left as would keep him in collars, for there is no boxing Harry in the employment of the Corporation; the employé's must all dine, not occasionally as some men with £72 a year do, but every day. Whether they do or not, a daily dinner is stopped out of their wages.

RHYMES FOR THE CALEDONIANS.

M'PHEE, M'Pho, M'Fie, M'Phum—
A jolly go; oh, ain't it rum!
We'll tap the purse of the Englishmen,
Wi' heel and toe, frae hill and glen.

Dinna, Donald Dinnie,
Ere ye toss the caber,
Take owre big a dram,
Or ye'll lose your labour.

NEW PROCESS IN VIVISECTION: A CONUNDRUM.—If an oculist, say anywhere, except at the Manchester Eye Hospital, blacks a brother's eye, can it be called an ocular demonstration?

The new play, "John Jasper's Wife," produced at the Theatre Royal, on Wednesday, is by Mr. Frank Harvey, one of the clever band of Manchester artists who form the backbone of Madlle. Beatrice's company.

THE CANON AND THE CREEDS.

CANON WOODARD was singularly unfortunate in the authorities he quoted in his sermon last Sunday morning. To begin with, the largest branch of the Church which believes in Episcopalian orders, together with modern Biblical scholars, disputes the exegesis of his text which he "assumed." The Dissenter who threatened, in 1829, to have the roads paved with churches, besides being anonymous when living and doubtless a nobody, is now probably dead. But what of the Socinian who said that Unitarianism could not get on in England because of the Church's testimony of her creeds, while it flourished in Scotland because the creeds are not taught there? The fact is that Lancashire is the stronghold of Unitarianism in the United Kingdom, with fifty or sixty congregations, while in all Scotland there are only five Unitarian preachers; and, at the same time, north of the Tweed not only the creed but the shorter catechism and the whole body of doctrine contained in the Westminster Confession of Faith are taught with a precision of which Churchmen in England know nothing. We are afraid that Canon Woodard, though a "provost" and a founder of schools of theology, is so ignorant as to confound Unitarianism with Presbyterianism.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

Lines by Squash, C. S., Cheetham.—Another rhyme for "bosh," though not so perfect as the one last week.

A Stock Exchange Story.—Uninteresting to any one but yourself. You must have had too much to drink at the excellent establishment below.

A Late Ramble, F. C.—Adventures of a belated ass.

Hints on Versification, W. Brook.—Our poet will not brook your interference.

In the Dust.—Your in-dust-ry must be its own reward.

J. T. Short, Salford.—Your longings must remain unsatisfied.

A Metrical Inquiry, W. G.—In vain you ask it. Echo answers, "Waste-paper basket!"

J. W. P.—As an advertisement, if you like.

Nothing to Do, F. B.—It is a pity that you can find no better employment than writing nonsense.

Steel Filings.—Not worth filing as long as there is a basket handy.

THE WHITBY AND SCARBORO' JET DEPÔT,
41, DEANSGATE, AND EXCHANGE BUILDINGS.

THE REAL WHITBY JET
CAN BE HAD AT THE ABOVE ESTABLISHMENT.

JET ORNAMENTS OF ALL KINDS MADE, MATCHED, AND REPAIRED.

The only Jet Ornament Manufacturer in the City.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

TO-NIGHT, FRIDAY.

BENEFIT OF MR. J. G. TAYLOR.

First and Second Acts of Lecocq's Comic Opera, "GIROFLE-GIROFLA."

(Don Bolero d' Alcarazas, Mr. J. G. Taylor.)

TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE MUSICAL TRIUMVIRETTA, "COX AND BOX."

(Cox, Mr. J. G. Taylor.)

CONCLUDING WITH THE GREAT SNOWSTORM BALLET.

FIVE PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO
GOODALL'S
 World-renowned
HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.

A SINGLE TRIAL SOLICITED.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.



The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious Puddings without Eggs, Pastry without Butter, and beautiful Light Bread without Yeast.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. Tins. Prepared by

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

THE CELEBRATED
YORKSHIRE RELISH.



This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c., it is incomparable.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each. Prepared by

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.



The best, cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c., &c. Restores delicate invalids to strength and vigour. Sold by Chemists, Grocers, &c., at 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each Bottle. Prepared by

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

DR. HASSALL'S FOOD,

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, AND INVALIDS.

DR. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D., recommends this as the best and most nourishing of all Infants' and Invalids' Foods which have hitherto been brought before the public. It contains every requisite for the full and healthy support and development of the body, and is, to a considerable extent, self-digestible. Recommended by the medical press and faculty.

Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Oilmen, &c., in Tins, at 6d., 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., and 6s. each.

A Treatise, by Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., on the Alimentation of Infants, Children, and Invalids, can be had, post free, on application to the Manufacturers,

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.



**NUTTALL'S
 PATENT STOMACH & LIVER PILLS**

SHOULD BE USED BY EVERYBODY, BECAUSE THOUSANDS CAN TESTIFY TO THEIR INVALUABLE QUALITIES AS THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE KNOWN.

For Indigestion, Pain in the Stomach, as fullness after meals, Flatness, Heartburn, Consumption, Gravel, Foul Breath, Loss of Appetite, Scoury, Blisters of the Skin, Headache, Lowness of Spirits. In every case where they are fairly tried they will remove the most obstinate complaints. Sold by all Chemists throughout the world, in boxes, 9d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d. each. Sole Proprietors: C. Nuttall and Sons, Bacup, Lancashire.—N.B. Ask your Chemist for Nuttall's Vegetable Patent Stomach and Liver Pills.

'PARAGON.'

FRAGRANT LIQUID DENTRIFICE makes the teeth beautifully white, sweetens the breath, and produces a pleasant froth in the mouth. One trial of this delicate dentrifice will ensure permanent patronage.

Powders and Pastes should be avoided, as they scratch the enamel, and cause the teeth to decay.

Opinion of the Press on the "PARAGON."—The *Figaro* says: "Possesses many valuable qualities . . . and cleanses and whitens the teeth while preventing discoloration and the accumulation of Tartar." The *Evening Standard* says: "Its excellent flavour cannot fail to please . . . and should meet with extensive patronage from the elite." Sold in bottles, at 1s. and 2s. 6d., by chemists and perfumers throughout the world. Sole Proprietor, J. H. BOWEN, 91, Wigmore Street London W.

HANDS' CELEBRATED REMEDIES.
HANDS' ROYAL BLOOD MEDICINE,

For the cure of ulcerated legs, ulcerated sores on the neck, old wounds, pimples, scurvy, blotches, postules, itch, glandular swellings, tumours, cancerous ulcers, king's evil, piles, ulcerated lungs and liver, consumption, gout, rheumatic gout, lumbago, gravel, nervous debility, and general weakness from whatever cause arising.

Prepared only by WILLIAM HANDS, CHEMIST, CHELTENHAM, and sold in bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by respectable chemists and medicine vendors in the United Kingdom. Two large bottles generally cure the worst cases.

N.B.—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA presented Mr. Hands with a splendid engraving of her own portrait on November 4th, 1875.

Mr. Hands sends two 4s. 6d. bottles carriage paid to any address for 9s., one bottle 5s. Letters with stamp answered.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED IN A FEW MINUTES, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

FIFTEEN years' trial has proved the efficacy of this preparation for the immediate removal and destroying superfluous hair on the face, arms, and neck, without the least pain or injury to the skin; price 3s. 6d. and 5s. A sealed packet sent free, with directions for use, to any address, on receipt of 6d. extra; money orders or stamps. Numerous testimonials can be seen (if required) as to its efficacy.—**HAIR CURLING FLUID.** Fifteen years' trial has proved the efficacy of this fluid as a certain preparation for curling ladies and gentlemen's hair: it improves and purifies the human hair, and is natural in its effect. Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; family bottles, 10s. 6d.—**LUXURANT HAIR, EYE-BROWS, and WHISKERS** produced in a few weeks by the use of the well-known HAIR PRODUCER. Price 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; sent free, with directions. Wholesale Agents: Barclay and Sons, London; Raimes and Co., Edinburgh and Liverpool; Blanchard and Co., York; Oldham and Co., Dublin. Retail of all respectable Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers, and Patent Medicine Vendors. The above preparations are prepared solely by JOHN BLAKE, 8, Malmesbury Square, Park Road, Peckham, London.

RUPTURES CURED WITHOUT TRUSSES.—DR. THOMSON'S remedy is the only known cure for these terrible complaints, and is applicable to every case of single or double rupture, however bad or long standing, in either sex, of any age, effecting a perfect cure, in a short time, without confinement or pain. This wonderful discovery has cured thousands of cases, and it cannot fail to be appreciated as a blessing by all who have ever worn trusses, bandages, or other galling supports. Sent free by post, with full directions for use, on receipt of postage stamps or post-office order for 10s., payable at the General Post-office to Ralph Thomson, 55, Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town, London.—Extracts from testimonials: "I find myself completely cured, and have tried every means to prove the cure by lifting and running, which, I am happy to say, I can do without pain or using any truss. F. W."—"Your remedy has cured my rupture, and I have used violent exertion since, without any sign of its reappearance. Miss S."—"A fair time has elapsed since I used your remedy; moreover, I have been examined by our surgeon, who declares I am quite cured. J. P."—"My rupture being 28 years old, I never expected so perfect a cure. E. L."—"I now write to tell you my daughter is perfectly cured by your remedy. Mrs. H."—"Consultations daily, from 10 till 12, Sunday excepted. Fee, one guinea.

D Y P S O M A N I A (Intemperance) is curable. Read the following:—Col. Mc.—states: "He cured his sister, unknown to herself, and found the remedy far more efficacious than signing the pledge or attending temperance lectures." "A Wise Woman."—This lady was recommended to try the effects of the remedy on her husband, by a friend, whose husband was so intoxicated at the time he had to attend his duty that he would surely have been dismissed had he not taken the precaution to have a packet on hand; he was sobered in five minutes. This wise lady tried the effects unknown to her husband, and saved him his appointment. Capt. S.—S—writes: "His wife was addicted to drink for years, and for weeks incapable of attending her household duties. Has now abstained for six months. I consider her cured by following the instructions sent with Dr. HEYMAN'S REMEDY."—Packets, 4s. 6d.—Bevanland House, Torre, Torquay.

THE "CITY MAGPIE" SAYS
**IT IS AS PLAIN AS
 ABC AS
 EVERYBODY**
 In the United Kingdom, who wishes to see the Past, Present, and Future, must look immediately, carefully, seriously, deliberately, and attentively into THE **MAGIC MIRROR**. THE Marvel of the Age. Sent free to any address, on receipt of six stamps. Address—"MAGIC MIRROR" OFFICE, 500, COMMERCIAL STREET, SHEFFIELD.—Thirty Thousand Sold in Seven Months. Established 1830.

NO MORE LEAD AND POISONOUS RESTORERS.
LINEHAM'S REGISTERED WORLD'S HAIR DRESSING BALSAM..... 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.
LINEHAM'S BRITISH EXCELSIOR GREY HAIR REGENERATOR..... 2s. 6d.
LINEHAM'S INSTANTANEOUS GREY WHISKER and HAIR DYE..... 2s. 6d.
 May be obtained through any Chemist or Perfumer.

RUPTURES.

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS



IS allowed by upwards of 500 medical men to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided, a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the truss, which cannot fail to fit, forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, 2in. below hips, being sent to the

MANUFACTURER,

Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d., postage free. Price of Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d., postage free. Price of Umbilical Truss, 42s. and 52s. 6d., postage free. Post-office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

NEW PATENT ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c.

The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS, VARICOSE VEINS, &c. Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 16s. each, postage free.

CHEST EXPANDING BRACES

(FOR BOTH SEXES).

For Gentlemen they act as a substitute for the ordinary braces. For Children they are invaluable; they prevent stooping, and preserve the symmetry of the chest.

Prices for Children, 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Adults, 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., and 21s. each, postage free.

J. White, Manufacturer, 228, Piccadilly, LONDON.

**PAGE WOODCOCK'S
 WIND PILLS**

GOOD for the cure of WIND ON THE STOMACH
 GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION
 GOOD for the cure of SICK HEADACHE
 GOOD for the cure of HEARTBURN
 GOOD for the cure of BILIOUSNESS
 GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS
 GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS arising from a disordered state of the STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.

They are sold by all Medicine Vendors, in Boxes at 1s. 1d., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. each; or should any difficulty occur, enclose 1d., 3d., or 5d. stamps, according to size, to PAGE D. WOODCOCK, "Lincoln House," St. Faith's, NORWICH (formerly of Lincoln), and they will be sent free by return of post.

WELLS' SPECIALITIES.

CORNS.

THE pain relieved in a few minutes, and the Roots effectually removed in a few hours without pain or inconvenience. Send addressed envelope for particulars.

TURKISH FACE POWDER.

A BEAUTIFUL PREPARATION for removing Spots, Pimples, Sunburns, Freckles, &c., rendering the Complexion beautifully transparent, and the Skin delicately soft. Warranted to contain nothing injurious. Send an addressed envelope.

DEPILATORY.

WELLS' DEPILATORY, the only effectual remedy for the immediate and permanent removal of Superfluous Hair from the Face, Arms, Neck, &c. This Preparation effects its purpose almost instantaneously, without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin. Full particulars on receipt of directed envelope. JOHN WELLS, No. 6, Great Russell Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

N.B.—Hundreds of Testimonials have been received from the Nobility and Ladies of Rank, who have tried this marvellous remedy.

LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL,

Have the Largest Assortment of

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes,

Suitable for Presentation.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JEWELLERY,

15 AND 18 CARAT GOVERNMENT STAMP.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts.

CUTLERY AND ELECTRO-PLATE

FROM THE VERY BEST MAKERS.

HIGH ST., AND THOMAS ST., MANCHESTER.

TEETH AND PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

GRAND AND VALUABLE INVENTION BY MR. ALFRED DAVIS,

DENTAL SURGEON, IN THE ADAPTATION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

The merits of this invention will be readily appreciated. A soft elastic gum attaches the teeth firmly in the mouth without a wire, spring, or any operation. By the flexibility of this gum, mastication and articulation are thoroughly fulfilled, without causing the slightest soreness or irritation, while the original expression of the face is perfectly restored.

A SINGLE TOOTH FROM 5s.; A SET, £5; STOPPING WITH WHITE PEARL ENAMEL, 2s. 6d.

Attendance Daily at 105, PICCADILLY, Three Doors from the London-road Station, Manchester. Established 25 Years.

THE MECHANICAL OPERATION OF SCALING TEETH SUPERSEDED.

COPP, SON, & CO.'S

PEERLESS VEGETABLE

ANTISEPTIC DENTAL SCALING POWDER,

Subtle and powerful, luxurious and aromatic, has established itself with unexampled rapidity a *sine qua non* of the toilet table. Going direct to the root of disease, and eradicating the very germ of decay, it obviates, and has entirely superseded, the impairing and troublesome process of mechanical scaling. It acts beneficially on the enamel, irresistibly removes tartar, preserves, strengthens, and gives to teeth a dazzling pearly whiteness. Continued application absolutely insures to them a lasting, healthful, and health-giving vigour. Although not artificially scented, it imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath.

Examined and recommended by Dr. Eason Wilkinson, 96, Mosley Street, Manchester; and Dr. Henry Ramsbottom, 16, Park Place, Leeds.

Price, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per Box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers, or sent, post free, by the Inventor and Sole Proprietor, EDMUND COPP, Dentist, 6, Waterloo Road, Manchester.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

DINE AT THE Stock Exchange Dining and Luncheon Rooms, UNDER THE STOCK EXCHANGE, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE, NEWMARKET.

Luncheons, Dinners, Teas, Suppers, Wines, Spirits, Coffee, and Cigars of the very Choicest Quality.
S. LAWTON, PROPRIETOR.

SEEDLEY CASTLE SCHOOL, PENDLETON.

PRINCIPALS:

J. MIDDLETON, of the University of Glasgow and London.
W. CARMICHAEL, B.A., London.

RE-OPENS AUGUST 7.

Subjects.	Teachers.
English Language, Composition, Literature, and Geography	Mr. MIDDLETON.
Arithmetic and Sciences	Mr. CARMICHAEL.
French Grammar and Literature	Mons. J. B. HERBELET, B.A., of the French University.
Music and Singing	Mr. LOUCH and Miss WARDLE (pupil of Dr. ROHNER, Conserva- torium, Leipzig).
Drawing	Master from the School of Art.

A lady, trained at the Normal College, and certificated,
will teach History, Elocution, Painting, Deportment, and
Needlework.

MANUFACTORY: **HUSBAND'S**
11, PATENT HATS
OLDHAM CLAIM PREFERENCE
STREET. Over every other. They are the only
HATS which are really VENTILATED.
BAYNES, successor to HUSBAND.

THE
ROYAL EXCHANGE
TAILORING CO. LIMITED,
ST. ANN'S SQUARE.

G. BANCROFT, from London, MANAGER.

CHEVIOT SUITS FROM £3. 3s.
THE MODEL TROUSERS 16s AND 21s.

USE
ASHTON'S
LAUNDRY
BLUE,
Best, Cheapest, and Cleanest.

Wholesale at 50, CUMBERLAND STREET, DEANS
GATE. Retail by most Grocers, Druggists, &c. In
Bottles at 2d., 4d., 6d., and 1s.

DINNER CLARET,

12s. PER DOZEN.

At this price we supply a sound,
wholesome Bordeaux Wine, which
will keep and improve in bottle for
years if required.

Of Fine Clarets

We offer a large Stock, well matured,
in bottle, at

16s., 22s., 26s., 30s., 36s., 42s.
per Dozen.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,

WINE MERCHANTS,

26, MARKET STREET,

MANCHESTER.

Liverpool: 11, Lord Street.

Birmingham: 28, High Street.

EQUAL TO HOME MADE.

WM. P. HARTLEY'S MARMALADES & PRESERVES ARE THE BEST.

FIRST-CLASS Restaurant Proprietors,
Managers of Hotels, and Families may safely depend
upon the quality of the above, the greatest care being used in
their manufacture.

"The quality of Mr. Hartley's product is excellent."—Grocer.
CONFECTIONERY WORKS: DOOTLE, LIVERPOOL.

Under Distinguished Patronage.

THE THIRD ANNUAL GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF HORSES, PONIES, HOUNDS, HARRIERS, AND FOX-TERRIERS,

WILL BE HELD ON
THE MANCHESTER RACECOURSE,
FRIDAY, SATURDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY.
AUGUST 4TH, 5TH, 7TH, AND 8TH, 1876.

DAILY EXHIBITION OF STEEPLECHASING
TRIALS OF HUNTERS,
LEAPING OVER SINGLE & DOUBLE FENCES
TROTting MATCHES WITH THE
CHAMPION "STEEL GREY,"
GREAT WALKING MATCH IN SADDLE,
TILTING TOURNAMENT.
JUDGING, PARADE OF HORSES, TURNOUTS
HUNTING AND PONY RACES,
GREAT DRAG HUNT,
GREAT WATER JUMP,
STONEWALL JUMPING & LADY RIDING.

MILITARY BANDS FOR PROMENADE.

ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING EACH DAY.

LONDON AGENTS.—Gordon and Gotch, St. Bride Street,
Ludgate Circus; George Street, 30, Cornhill; F. L. May and
Co., Piccadilly.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—John Heywood, Deansgate; W. H.
Smith and Son, Brown Street; Heywood and Son, Oldham
Street; J. Bohanna, Market Street; G. Renshaw, Bellhouse
Street; W. Chadwick, 108, Stretford Road; and the Pub-
lisher

Printed and Published by the Proprietor, ROBERT ROBINSON
DONOH, of 30, Belle Vue Street, Ardwick, at his Printing
Office, Market Street Chambers, 73a, Market Street, Man-
chester.—Friday, July 28, 1876.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PAPER HANGINGS! (Cheapest out, from 2½d. per 12 yards, in great
variety and newest designs. Borders, Centres,
and all Decorations at Wholesale Prices.)

LEWIS & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS, 29, ROCHDALE ROAD, MANCHESTER.

"TURKISH TOBACCO," Delicious Flavour and Aroma, 18s. and 21s. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.